

Hawaii Holomua

PROGRESS.

The Life of the Land is Established in Righteousness.

HONOLULU, NOV. 15, 1893.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The wonderful and threatening display of organizations which pass resolutions and make demands on the government for offices may look very imposing on paper to those who do not understand the true state of affairs. When we hear about resolutions passed by the army, the annexation club, the American League, and the citizen's reserve it is well worth remembering that the annexation club consists of the very men who call themselves citizen's reserve, American League, and the army. And that all members of the club, and of the League, are members of the citizen's reserve. It is simply one body of men who parade themselves under three or four different disguises, and the formidable appearance of organizations dwindles, when analysed, down to one faction, clique or gang. We are aware that the heroic revolutionists were in the habits of sacrificing their lives for the P. G. only to be resurrected, and perform the same "killing" act again, but we did not think that they were able to triple or quadruple themselves and make their demands on the government appear as coming from four different set of men, while they virtually emanate from the one little disgruntled set of hungry sore-heads.

The attitude of the army in joining the political clubs in demanding offices is really rich. Mr. S. B. Dole is the commander-in-chief of the army according to P. G. law, and it is a most unusual sign to see his subordinates meet together and pass resolutions in which the course of action of the commander-in-chief is being shaped. We never did think that Colonel Soper was much of a military man or a disciplinarian, but we did think that he knew enough to prevent his officers from committing such a gross breach of military etiquette and such a preposterous piece of impertinence as dictating to their superior officer, the commander-in-chief. If Mr. Dole has any strength of character left he will resent the impertinence of his subordinates in the most emphatic manner, and once for all, teach the "army" and more especially the officers, their proper place.

Or is it possible that "Colonel" Soper dreams ambitious dreams about becoming a modern Napoleon or a new Admiral Mello? Does this gentleman contemplate a revolution against the P. G.? What joy to get a government with the great colonel as President, the Lieutenant colonel as Minister of Finance, the Major as Minister of Interior, the Surgeon general as Attorney-General (when admitted to the bar) and the Quartermaster-general, as Minister of Foreign Affairs. Then we would indeed

have a stable Government—at least until the new Generals, Colonels and Majors should combine and overthrow the Soper administration. For the officers of the regular army to pass resolutions and make demands on the Government to which they have sworn allegiance is an act of insubordination bordering on mutiny and their motives may well be looked into and their intentions watched with suspicion. If the Executive council no longer has the confidence of the revolutionary party, they should be made to resign, but they should never brook interference by their subordinates in their business nor allow themselves to be dictated to or bulldozed by an irresponsible mob.

The absurd rumors with which the town as usually are over-full have caused the chiefs of the police-department to lose their heads. We will say for Marshal Hitchcock, that we consider him too sensible a man to make a fool of himself unless ordered to do so by the Attorney General. Last night there wasn't a policeman to be seen in town. Upon investigation it was learned that they were confined at the Station-house—ready for action. Against whom may we ask? Why is the city deprived of the proper guards and the policemen taken away from their ordinary regular duties and allowed to loaf in the Station-house—waiting for something to turn up? Is it possible that there really is some truth in the statement made by several officers that the Marshal has instructed the police to prevent (sic!) the landing of any forces after dark? Is it possible that in the gigantic brain of W. O. Smith—the much learned Attorney-General—really are ideas that he proposes to resist a landing of the United States forces and propose to make such resistance with half a dozen policemen. The farce is evidently coming to an end, but it is evident that the Attorney-General desires to make his exit under the roaring laughter of the audience before he does his great final act of turning a double somersault which will land him on his knees in the royalist camp.

SOME PUMPKINS.

Last evening at about half past nine o'clock, one of the mounted serfs of the present government endeavored in a very arrogant and low bred manner to show his authority, or as he expressed himself, "them's my orders." In fact he was intentionally nasty. He said he was Irish, but those present are inclined to believe that he stated an untruth in this respect.

The accent and expression of his speech, also his English, lead a spectator to believe, that he was one of the "Drei Hundred."

OFFICIAL VISIT.

H. B. M's Minister Resident and Council General Major J. H. Wodehouse, paid an official visit to Rear Admiral John Irwin, on board of the U. S. F. S. Philadelphia, this forenoon. The Minister was accorded the usual salute upon leaving the ship.

Mixed Drinks.

A lady correspondent writes to thank us for our prescription for making "Afternoon Coffee Punch" which she claims had the promised effect after a drive to the Pali as an afternoon when you are tired-out beverage. She now wants to know what to give "him" after dinner and as she assures us that her daddy's side-board is filled to overflowing with every possible kind of liquor, we do not hesitate in giving her the recipe of what is considered the master-work of the century and so properly called

The Sweet Lei Lehua.

Take a large glass two-thirds full of shaved ice, and put in it one dash of absinthe, one-twelfth of maraschino, one-twelfth of benedictine, one-twelfth of green chartreuse, one-twelfth of creme de roses, one-twelfth of creme de cacao, one-twelfth of Bon de Noix, one-twelfth of curacao, one-twelfth of creme de mocea, one-twelfth of creme de menthe, one dash of fine old brandy. Shake this to the freezing point, strain into two thin glasses and—know what it is to live.

HAWAIIAN NATIONAL BAND.

To-morrow is the Birthday Anniversary of His late Majesty King Kalakaua. The Hawaiian National Band will give a concert at the Hawaiian Hotel, commemorative of the occasion. Following is the programme:

PART I.

1. March—"The High School Cadets" (by request).....Souza
2. Overture—"Semiramide".....Rossini
3. Polka—"The Twin Brothers".....Meysselles
4. Selection—"Hawaiian Songs" (by request).....Libornio

SONGS.

Kaulilua.....His Majesty
Hoinai.....
Ia oe ka La e Alohi nei.....

PART II.

5. E. Clarinet solo—"Maritana".....Round
6. Mazurka—"Hawaiian National Band".....Libornio
7. Waltz—"Sobrelas Olas" (by request).....Rosas
8. March—"Queen Liliuokalani".....Libornio

Consul-General Mills Visits the Philadelphia.

United States Consul-General Ellis Mills together with Vice Consul-General Porter Boyd paid an official visit to Rear Admiral Irwin this afternoon on board the Philadelphia. The usual salute was fired upon the departure from the ship of the Consul-General.

A Careful Bank.

The Bank of France is not entirely free from nervousness regarding the ability of the burglar, and guards itself in a very careful manner. Every day, when the money is put into the vaults in the cellar, masons are waiting and at once wall up the doors with hydraulic mortar. Water is then turned on and kept running until the cellar is flooded. A burglar would thus have to work in a diving-suit and break down a cement wall before he could even start to loot the vaults. When the officers arrive next morning, the water is drawn off, the masonry torn down and the vaults opened. The treasures of the Bank of France are better guarded than any others in the world. (Le Matin).

Shark Hunting in the Indian Ocean.

Colonel Nicholas Pike relates in Frank Leslie's Monthly some interesting experiences with sharks in Malay waters. On one occasion he made up a party of two English army officers to accompany him on a shark-baiting excursion, and took with him several Malay fishermen who were experts in the dangerous business.

"We embarked in a whale-boat," he says, "with a 'pirogue' (dogout) trailing at our stern, and a dead bullock astern of that. On board we had whaling gear of every description used to the capture and destruction of these monsters of the deep, with a pailful of bullock's blood from the abattoir. We proceeded about half a mile from the outer reef, and here we anchored our bullock in about thirty feet of water. The carcass was made to float by artificial means, our boats moving twenty five or thirty feet away from it. The bullock's blood was thrown overboard. Sharks, large and small, began to assemble and in a few minutes we had a great number around us. Some of the large one were seen to bite huge pieces from the legs and neck. We brought our boat near, so that we could see and study their habits, especially while feeding. So eager were they, and the numbers so great, all could not get a chance for a mouthful, and they began to fight each other. It is generally supposed that these man-eating sharks—in fact, all sharks—turn on their backs when they bite, but this is a mistake. If you examine a shark's jaw you will at once see that it would be impossible for him to bite at all in the position attributed to him. The shark turns on his side when feeding, and bites semicircular pieces with one row of teeth; the other rows of teeth are seldom used except when fighting or when very angry. At any rate, I had on this occasion an excellent opportunity of satisfying myself that the genus Carcharias of the Indian Ocean do this. We were within a few feet of a large number of sharks of all sizes, from three feet to eighteen, and some over twenty feet in length, all so intent on feeding that our presence was hardly noticed by them.

After studying all we wished of their habits and deciding some points previously in doubt, we commenced our sport. Our Malay fishermen were experts in noosing the shark. It was very dangerous business to lean over the boat's side, as these brutes had got a taste of blood and were ready to bite at anything that they could get hold of. A whale-man's line was carefully coiled in the bow of the boat, and a noose was prepared by the Malays to slip over the tail of the largest shark. We approached slowly two good-sized fellows, and the first attempt was successfully accomplished; after a few minutes the second one was secured. We then backed slowly away, throwing over the slack line, till we were some distance, or near the edge of the outer reef, when we began to take in the slack line and pull. As soon as the shark felt this he began to flounder and plunge in his endeavor to escape. The second one all this time was quietly feeding.

When we began pulling him he plunged at once into deep water, where he remained quiet. We were over an hour getting the two fish into shoal water on the reef. Now the real sport began. Just as soon as they realized that they were in shoal water and there was not much tension on the lines, they came for the boats with all the ferocity of tigers. I had now drawn my pirogue to the side of the boat and stepped into it, with my trained Malay boatman, who was to manage it while I killed one of the sharks. We had previously separated them by allowing one a large amount of line, so that he had swam away nearly to the outer reef into deep water.

The individual I was about to tackle was a very savage and pugnacious one, and I was a little afraid of him. As I approached, head on he came for me in the greatest fury, but before he reached me he sidled off about ten feet to my right, and swam out to the full extent of his line. He was turned again by those in the boat and came rapidly toward me, striking the boat obliquely on the left side to where I stood, almost throwing me down. Turning quickly he came the third time, going down under the water, coming up on the other side of the boat, making the fourth attack and the last one, for I struck him fairly, killing him instantly. We now pulled on the other one, drawing him from his retreat. My friend, Captain S—, who had excellent nerve, took my place in the bow of the pirogue, and after much skilful skirmishing killed the other shark handsomely with one blow. He declared the sport was more exciting than tiger or elephant hunting in India. Although these brutes are so savage and quick in their movements, man is a match for them and the greatest enemy they have.—(Current Literature).

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Reward.

A Postal Savings Bank Book No. 465 has been lost at my residence during this month. Who ever finds it and returns same at my residence at He'eia, Koolau-poko, Oahu, or at the law office of Jas. K. Kaulia, in Honolulu, will receive a reward.

MRS. MIKALA KAULIA.
Honolulu, Oct. 23, 1893.
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